







"We might as well dance," the doctor said shyly

# One Heart, Well Mended

Fall in love again? Not Chrissy. Once was enough . . .

by VIRGINIA LEE

CHRISSY took good care of her heart. She took good care of it because once it had been broken and she was never going to let that happen again.

Whenever the not-an-athletic man, she got in touch with her heart. If it showed any tendency to stand on tiptoe or cock an inquiring eye and murmur, "Huh, What's this?" she would pounce.

"Behave!" she would scold. "You've had your fling and the ride you took me for would make a comet's course look like a bog, snip and jump. Now, you been along in a dull physiological way?"

When Chrissy met the doctor she was quite sure that everything was all right, but she checked to make certain. "Huh?" scolded her heart. "Why, he's broad! (After he doesn't comb his mod-colored hair, or it's conceded to gravity. Relax, sister.)"

So she relaxed. It felt so good to relax that she smiled, and it felt so good to smile that she smiled again. The doctor smiled too. He beamed.

The doctor came into Chrissy's life one afternoon after she had been swimming. She had climbed out of the water and was sitting on the lawn of her parents'

kitchen porch, gazing at the green hills that bordered the mountain lake. When she looked up and saw a long-legged stranger coming from next door, she knew he must be the "broad" house guest.

He walked up to her without any preliminaries, dropped a pale champagne flask on the grass and flung himself beside it. "Alay I sit down?" he asked politely, collecting at full length.

Chrissy stared him with quiet dignity. He was wearing a light summer suit that looked as if it had just come from the wet wash. His hair drooped dependently and his young angular face was warm and cherubic.

"I'm Christy Pearson," she volunteered at last.

"I know. The way you smiled and demanded a complex case history," he grinned up at her, warmly but amiably. "That was quite a time you had with your twelve-year mother."

"You look weird for a house guest," purred Chrissy.

"I've just been out on a case," he sighed. "When I came home after being overseas two years with the medical corps, the Stulwain invited me to sit up before going into studies (continued on page 38)"







# Audition

BY DAWN POWELL

This is a story about two heels and a young girl. The girl managed to take the bounce out of one of them.

IT WAS eleven o'clock and still no sign of them. The two men waiting in Danny's apartment were drunk with the last thought, usually, normally, and perhaps with the cold bite.

"He did it deliberately," Syd said. "We knew it right away," he says. "We'll get that record set up!" Then he went down up. What kind of management is that? (High-priced work like so waiting time we get trying just bounce to don't throw up. I don't let's get something up for them.)

"Wherever it is, it's no good," Eddie said plainly.

There was a half-filled paper bag lying on the desk in the fireplace, with some crumpled paper inside it. Eddie investigated the bag and found a couple of sandwiches left over from last night's conference. He offered half of one to Syd, who he said it didn't like.

"Gosh," he announced. "He always gets love-meat. But now I said I didn't take it. What do you suppose he says?"

His long forehead came into the light, like all the fireplace.

"It's a lunch he didn't go any place that early morning," said Eddie.

"How he's gone back to his wife," decided Syd. "How much do you suppose he was that time?" Then he looked back at Eddie.

"What's he going to do that night?" Eddie said. "Even if he had a bucket, how a guy like Danny would come out for his wife on any particular night?" He said that last.

"Hey, mind if I use money?" asked Eddie. "I need money. Not for what it gets me, but for what it gets me."

He looked on the doorstep and his back with his hands clasped behind his head, his feet crossed at the ankles. Eddie was willing to admit that Danny's apartment was really splendid for making this the last publication in the *Audition* on their second floor where he and Syd stayed. But he'd been twice placed. Syd, however, never knew what he wanted on that second floor. Eddie thought Danny's wife was not about him in luxury.

There were the gold-colored door lamps, the gold-colored lights, the *Espresso* grade detergent and new chair, the wall Claret red paint, and in the bedroom were the four perforated beds, the window curtains of pink velvet and the pink carpet. There was even a dining room table by the window.

"Some dress must have gotten it to him," said Syd. "Can you picture that house with a canopy? I would not say that. How are you are here?"

He moved a record of the discarded hand-walk and pulled it through the bars of the door. The canopy moved it.

"No mind, all right," Syd answered angrily. "Wait for an actual record! A real like Danny should have a bed!"

Eddie had a sudden thought and got up.

"He's probably looking on that record down at the floor," he said. "If he thinks he can get money out of him, he should have his head examined. A woman gets him up on the telephone and says she's serious in just money in a moment. So he believes he's got a chance. There's kind of her, what you want to get to get on her. With, Eddie, he says, what he's going to get on her. I guess your problem are now." He didn't even know a word.

"I'll be back here, at that," said Syd, shaking his head. "Now, let's see. The old girl's probably got him locked in now, just for help."

The telephone rang. It was Eddie's turn to answer it. Already the girls had telephoned by Eddie and it had been the two minutes. (Continued on page 62)





Ben-Hur Max

*Last Rose* by BEN-HUR MAX







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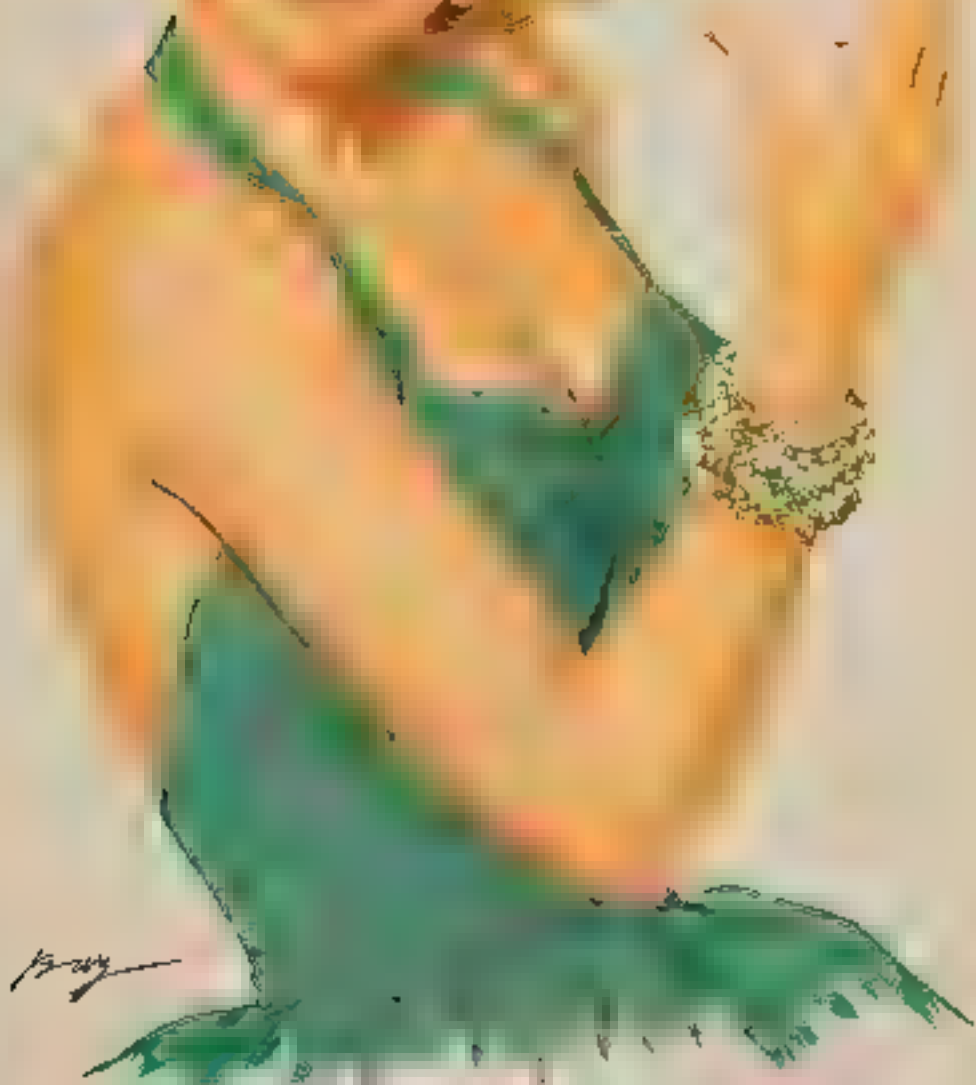




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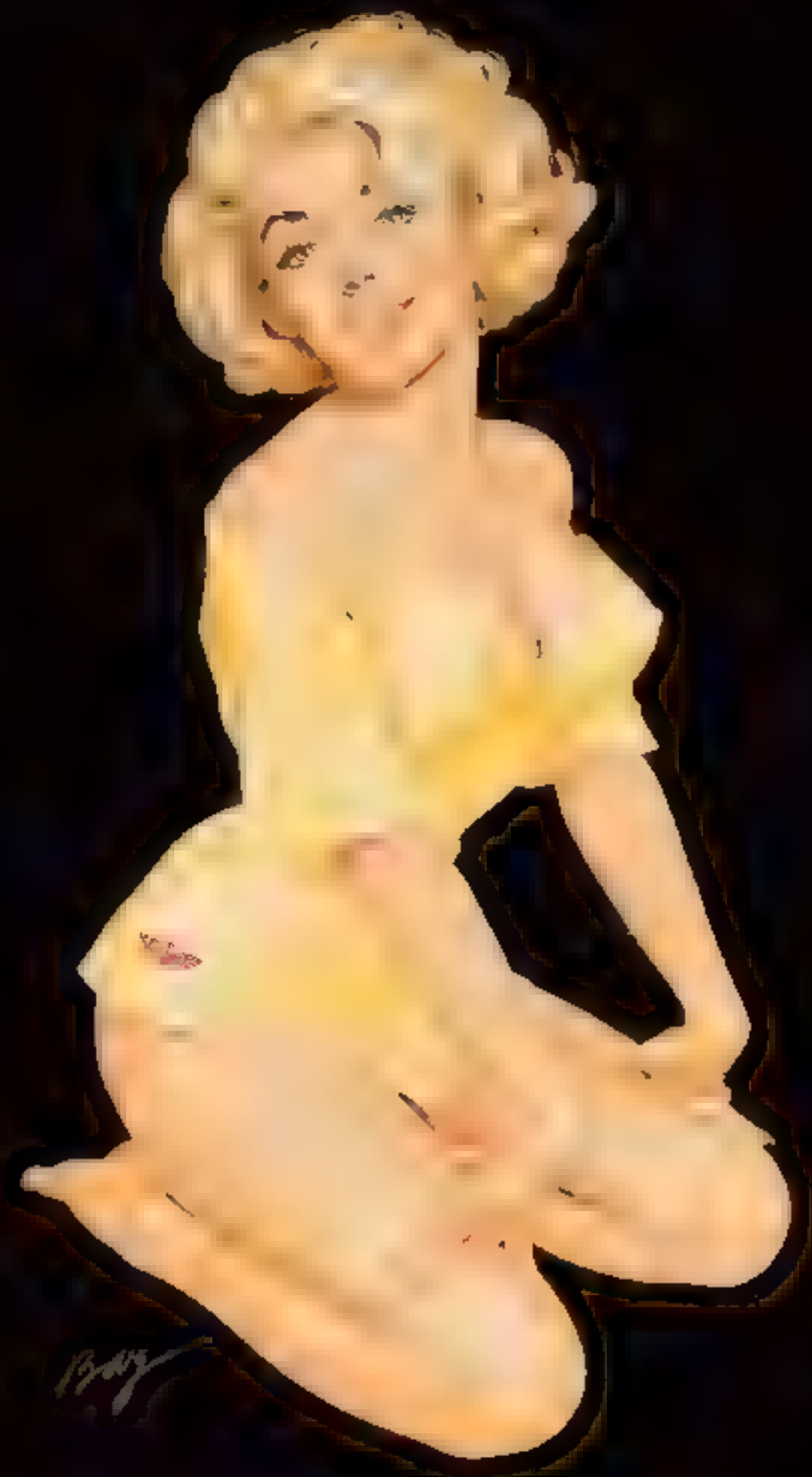












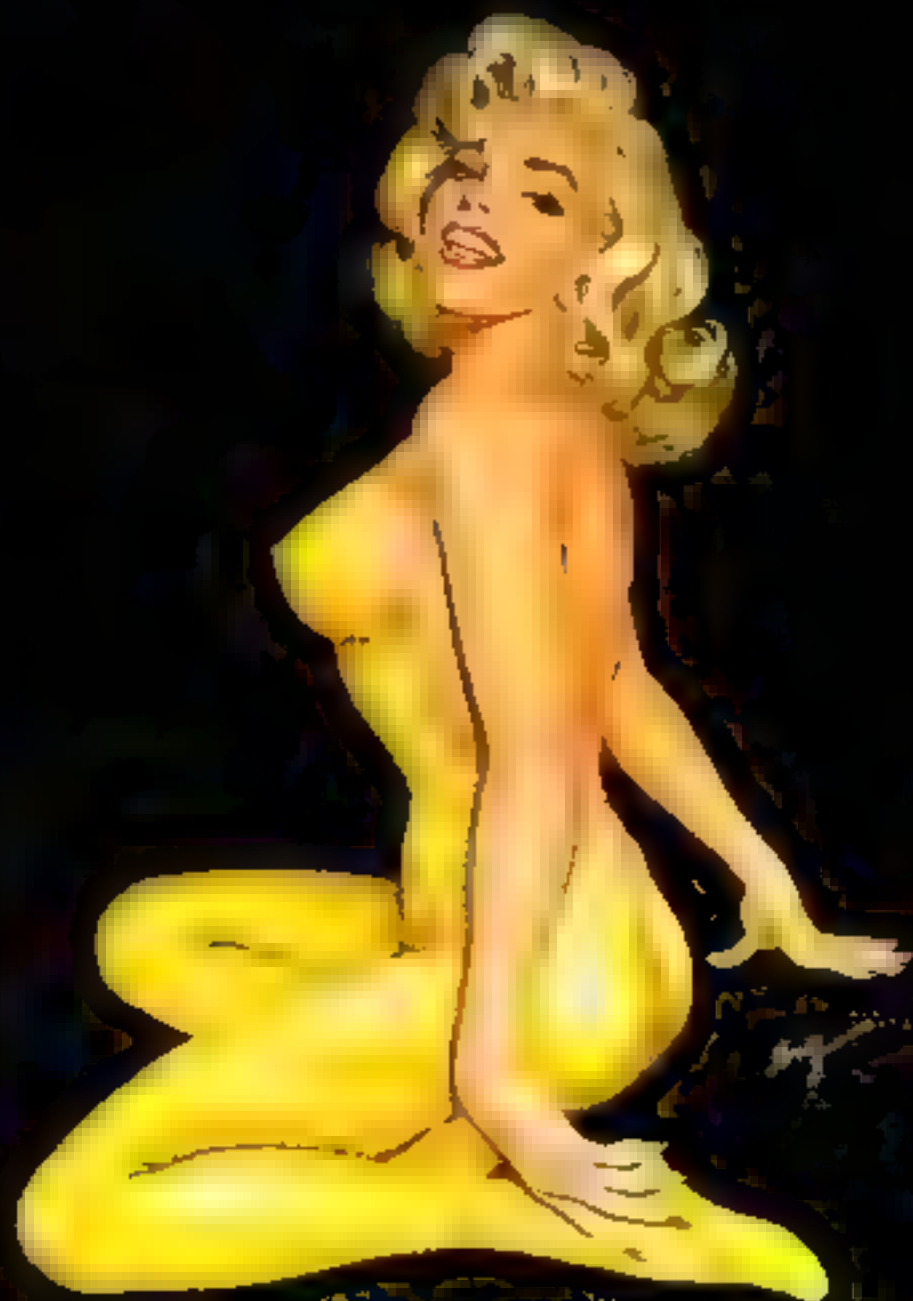












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